The World

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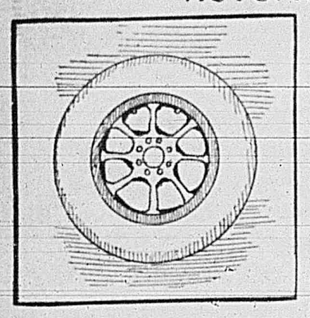
AUTOMOBILES.



Wind resistance is the practical limit to the speed which any mechanical device can attain. Since the wind pressure can be somewhat avoided by conical construction, it is mechanically easy to exceed in an automobile the speed of a railroad train.

The annual races for the Vanderbilt Cup have the strongest tendency to encourage the striving for speed at the expense of every other consideration. If engines of forty-horse power can cause the driving wheels to revolve a thousand times to the minute and propel the automobile more than a mile a minute, it is merely a matter of more and larger cylinders to cause the driving wheels to revolve twice as quickly and the automobile to proceed with twice the speed.

Were this matter of speed and power the only factor to be considered, an automobile could be built which would cause the driving wheels to revolve ten thousand times a minute, and if the ratio of speed to power continued it would attain a velocity of ten miles a minute and cross the continent in five hours. San Francisco would be within lunching distance of New York.

This is impossible on account of the pressure of the air. A man in walking does not feel the air's resistance until he encounters on a stormy day the violent breezes of the Flatiron Building or some confined space as on Nassau street. The strongest winds which Nature blows at the surface of the earth on Manhattan Island rarely exceed eighty miles an hour.

The automobile which won the Vanderbilt Cup had to face a wind storm more violent than any pedestrian encounters.

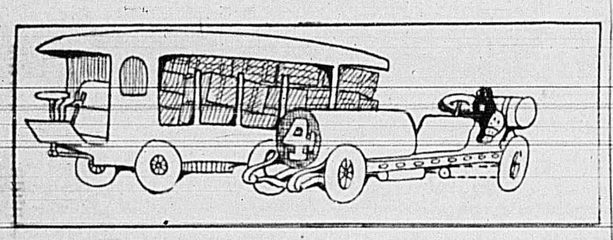
When the speed of any object moving in the open air is increased beyond that of the prevailing favoring breeze it creates an artificial wind storm, and when the speed exceeds a mile a minute then the moving object has to resist the violence of a hurricane.

The hurricanes which cause such devastation in their path are little more violent than the local effect of the wind resistance at such a speed as two miles to the minute.

The power of this wind pressure is known to all trotting horse men, and appears in the difference between the records of trotting horses preceded by running horses with wind shields, and the best trotting horse record is less than third the speed of the automobile record.

The real permanent public interest in automobiles will not be in the speed they can reach, but in the valuable services they can perform.

The field for the automobile as a racing machine is limited. The sport is too costly and too dangerous to be participated in by many.



Where the automobile has a vast undeveloped field is in the carrying of freight. The good roads movement is spreading throughout the United States. The New England States and New Jersey have now serviceable road systems. New York will have a complete system of State roads when the present plans are carried out.

It will then be possible for the products of the farm and of the factory to be transported with one loading and one unloading within a radius of at least 100 miles. At slow speed, less than ten miles an hour, the cost of automobile traction for fuel does not exceed one cent a ton mile. The cost for repairs is higher than this through the expensiveness of the rubber tires, but in freight transportation over good roads rubber tires will not be necessary.

The great future field for the automobile is in providing competitive transportation. There can be no monopoly of it, because it requires no car tracks. The economic changes which it will make possible will be a general public benefit.

Nervous—That's All.

By J. Campbell Cory.

THE MEN IN THE NEWS—Straight Talks to Them—By Nixola Greeley-Smith.

To the Young Millionaire Picnic Impresario Who Supplies the Air and Landscape for His Guests.

DEAR JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, JR.—Are you sure you can spare the money? To take a whole Sunday-school class up the Hudson River to Nyack in a chartered steamer, even when the members have been told to eat their lunch before they come aboard and to bring along 5 cents to pay for their supper, is no light undertaking for the richest young man in the world.

Good fellowship is all very well, your attempts to fraternize with us, the populace, are noble, your religious talks to your class are always interesting and generally amusing.

But don't set the blight of paternalism upon the government of the Sunday-school. Don't pauperize your young men by lavishing so much wealth upon them. Make them pay for the boat, too. Then the only difference between your excursion and one regularly conducted by the steamboat company will be that they couldn't get anything to drink aboard your boat and would have you to lecture them on the advantage of being poor.

You remind me of a little American boy who invaded a peaceful Canadian town where I used to live, and who suggested to me and several other dazzled children that we give a lawn party on the Dutch treat plan you seem so much to favor. "You bring the lemonade," he said to one of us; "you supply the cake," to another; "you the ice-cream," and "you the candy." "Well, Willie," I asked feebly, "what are you going to bring?" "Oh," replied Willie, airily, "I'll supply the lawn."

You supply the boat, Mr. Rockefeller, jr., but the boat is really more than your share.

You're the son of the richest man in the world. As such, you're an object of legitimate curiosity to millions of people. A great many of them would be willing to pay to see you, and recognizing your public appearance as a commercial asset, you would be fairly entitled to charge an extra price of admission to your excursion, instead of a free boat.

We may have been a Dutch town originally, Mr. Rockefeller, but hitherto the Dutch treat has not made a hit with us. If you can succeed in popularizing it here, you'll be as great in your way as your fabulously wealthy father is in his. I'm afraid, though, the only deal we may expect from you is an understanding that if we need any lemonade on our excursions you will supply the lemons.

Certainly your Sunday-School ought to be familiar with the growth and habits of the citron family. And the largest lemon of the season is the excursion you are providing them, where you supply the air and the water and the landscape, and they do the rest.

Two-Minute Talks with New Yorkers.

By T. O. McGill.

"BIG events like the Vanderbilt Cup race afford a lot of people a natural excuse for breaking out of routine, and I guess it's a good thing," said Thomas Crowley this morning.

Crowley is one of our New Yorkers who has moved into the success column as manager and partner of one of the most popular downtown lunching and meeting places for men. It isn't many years ago since Crowley was a floorwalker in the same place on a small salary.

"What's the argument?"

"On Friday a lot of our customers began laying in supplies for their comfort for the early hours down in the country. Many of them started for the race by noon. By 4 o'clock Friday we had a houseful of people talking about how they were to get there; and up to the time the first of the special trains started we heard from several thousands of our customers who were talking about going down to see the 'death-defyers.'

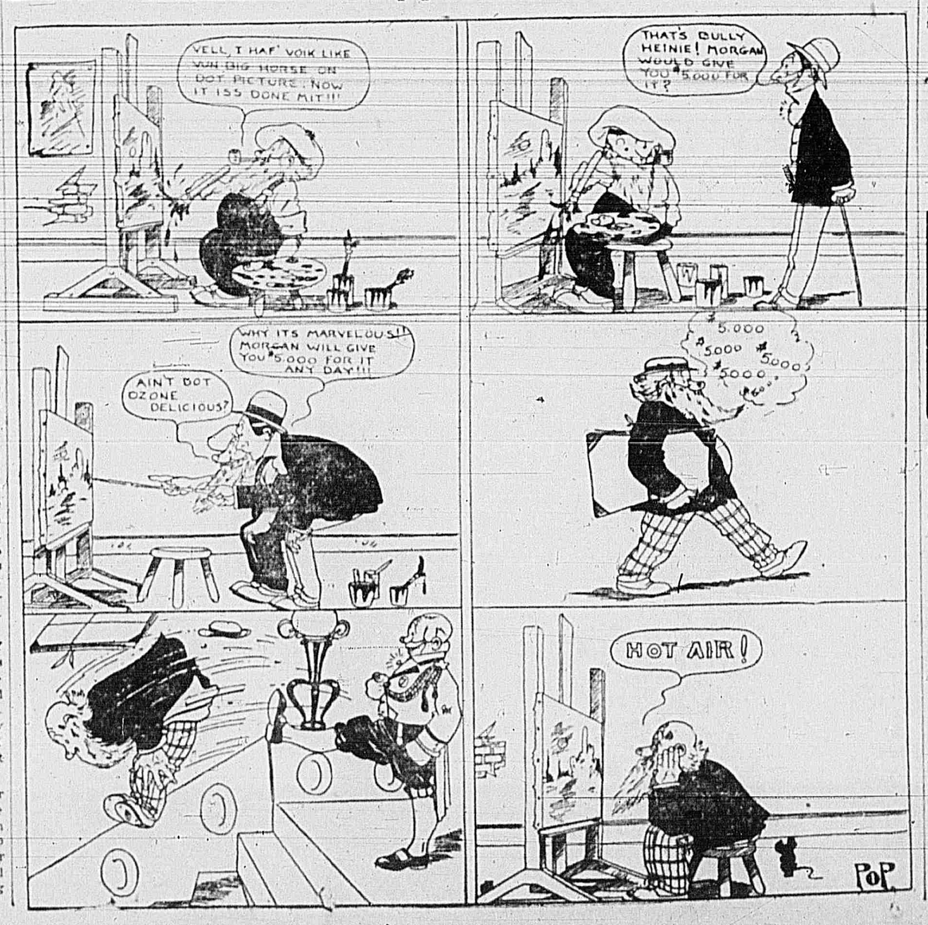
"The rooms were full of all sorts of things that had been picked up as accoutrement, and we felt like a mixture of 'parking place,' a 'garage' and a full-grown hotel on an election night.

"We counted up after we got every one away and the doors closed, and I think that about ten out of the lot really went to the race.

"The rest of them just worked their way uptown to the places that were still open, and so to bed, although on Saturday morning a lot of them came in for milk punches, to read ticker news of the race and to say that they'd never again stay up all night as long as they lived."

Don't Let This Happen to You!

By "Pop."



Letters from the People.

Son Is American Citizen.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

An American citizen and his wife visit China, and there have a son born to them. Is the son an American citizen or a Chinese subject?

G. W. BREMNER.

One-Horse Post Office.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

New York's general post office is the saddest excuse for a post office that exists. It is primeval all right. You can't get a foreign money order issued inside of twenty minutes, and when you get it you've got to walk nearly a quarter of a mile to post your letter. Why not have a letter box in the money order room? JENATSKY.

The "Same Seat" Fad.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I know a man who must have the same seat in the same car in a subway train every day. If the seat he wants is taken he waits for a train in which that seat is vacant. He gets on at One undred and Third street. What sort of a fad do you call that?

P. JOHNSON.

Ground Rents and Taxation.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

In a recent editorial you say "the great landed properties of the city should also be adequately taxed. The ground rents which idle landlords of New York draw at the expense of the whole community can be readily ascertained and should be taxed for their full value." Common honesty and plain justice both demand that they should. It is not honest to deprive men of what they actually produce and without compensation give it to men who have not produced it. All men have an equal natural right to use the earth, and all Americans, therefore, inherit equally a natural right to use the best, as well as the worst locations in America.

JAMES BARTLEY, Amsterdam, N. Y.

That Missing Escalator.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Thousands of Harlemites would like to know where is the promised escalator for the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street "L" station.

A. ORDWAY.

Secret of Perpetual Youth.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Mrs. Langtry, Lillian Russell and the Queen of England and a few other women are cheered for "finding the secret of perpetual youth," and get their pictures printed often. But how about the hundreds of men who have the same secret? We hear nothing about them. Nearly every man is older than his wife, yet women usually look older than their husbands. Look at the actors, forty or fifty years old, who look like youths. Let's hear more of men (as well as women) who are perpetually young.

E. V. CROSLEIGH, JR.

Whiskers and Waves.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

There are "waves" of facial fashion as well as of dress. In the Eighteenth Century a beard was unknown. In the middle of the Nineteenth nearly all men wore them. Now they're "out" again and the clean-faced man has the call. The same with mustaches. Fifty years ago they were never worn, save by soldiers and dissipated fellows. Then every schoolboy began to wear them. Now the wave of fashion has swept them into the barber's basket. What next, I wonder, and when? V. T. L.

The FIFTY GREATEST EVENTS in HISTORY

By Albert Payson Terhune

No. 37—The Fall of the Bastile and the Dawn of the French Revolution.

"YOUR MAJESTY, the people are starving for lack of bread!"

"Then," replied Queen Marie Antoinette of France, in utter surprise, "why don't they eat cake?"

The frivolous Queen did not ask this question as a joke. She had so little knowledge of poverty and of the needs of a nation that she could not understand how unappeased hunger can exist. This one speech of hers sizes up better than could a whole volume the grievances that led to that red horror, the French Revolution. Those high in authority neither knew nor cared how the great mass of the people existed.

Louis XIV., after impoverishing France by his extravagances, had been succeeded by his great grandson, Louis XV. The latter had all the "Grand Monarch's" vices and extravagances with none of his genius. He left France almost bankrupt. The clergy and the nobles were exempt by law from taxation. Thus the fearful burden of taxes fell on the tradespeople and peasants. To make matters worse, the taxes were "farmed out," and the collectors wrung the helpless poor still further to obtain "graft" for themselves out of the transaction. So while the court revelled in unheard-of luxury and magnificence the plain people who paid for it all were left to starve.

Moreover, the aristocracy, taking their cue from the King, oppressed and ill-treated their luckless tenants, grinding them to the dust; stealing their fairest daughters, often beating their sons to death for some fancied lack of respect, and even posting sick old men at night in the malarial marshes to quiet the croaking of the frogs so that the noble lords of the estates might sleep undisturbed. Other and unspeakable outrages were perpetrated by the nobles against their defenseless peasants and tradesfolk. Undeserved life imprisonment, torture and death were common occurrences.

Tyranny That Led to the Revolution.

And for centuries the people of France had submitted; so long, in fact, that their masters had ceased to regard it as possible that the downtrodden slaves could ever revolt. But, during all these centuries the seeds of revolution were germinating—seeds which were one day to burst into a bloody harvest of retribution that should set the whole world aghast. Among the vilest abuses of the era was the Bastile. This huge fortress was at once the State prison and the citadel of Paris. When a monarch, a nobleman or a man of power had an enemy he could not legally dispose of, he procured (if he had sufficient influence) a secret warrant known as a "lettre de cachet," and had his foe or victim seized and conveyed to the Bastile. There, without trial, without hope of rescue, with his friends ignorant of his whereabouts, the prisoner would linger often for a lifetime. The Bastile was the visible symbol and sign of despotic power, and as such the people of France hated it even as they feared it.

Louis XV. had been wise, in his way. He had calculated to a nicety the number of years the people would continue to endure such treatment.

"It will last out my time," said he, "but I pity my grandson!" And the painted, bedizened Duchesse de Pompadour at his side croaked the gruesomely epigrammatic prophecy:

"After us, the Deluge!"

And now Louis XV. was dead and his grandson, Louis XVI., reigned in his stead. This sixteenth Louis was an amiable, stupid, weak-willed fellow. He was married to an Austrian Archduchess, Marie Antoinette, whose mother had planned the match and had coached the girl-Queen how to promote Austria's influence at the French court. Marie Antoinette was frivolous, self-willed, fond of political intrigue and possessed of a hearty contempt for her gentle, thick-headed husband. On only one point of government did the two agree. Both were firm believers in the "divine right of kings." And that belief was destined to cost them their lives, which was the rather high price that Charles I. had paid for holding the same idea.

Louis XVI. had begun his reign with some vague theories as to the rights of the people. But Marie Antoinette and her party at court had soon driven such notions from his stupid head. The finances of the country were in a deplorable condition. By a rare stroke of good luck Louis secured the services of Necker as Minister of Finance. But just as Necker was straightening things out and starting an era of retrenchment, Marie Antoinette, who could not see any use in saving money or in cutting down expenses, had him removed. He was succeeded by Calonne, who curried royal favor by throwing money about in a reckless fashion and ended by wrecking the Treasury. As usual, the burden came on the people. They grew to loathe Marie Antoinette and to blame her for their suffering.

France Took Lesson from America.

The American Revolution had met with warm support from France, but plunged that country into disastrous war with England and, moreover, fired the people with republican ideas. If America had cut free from the bondage of royal despotism why should not France? The people began to awake—and to think. Famine was rife throughout the rural districts. Throngs of countryfolk flocked into Paris. Riots and other disturbances sprang up. A National Guard was formed by the municipality and Lafayette was placed at its head. For its banner he chose White, the royal color of France, between Red and Blue, the colors of Paris. This was the origin of the Revolutionary "tri-color" and of the present French flag.

The people were at last aroused. They did not yet dare to turn against royalty itself, but they assailed its most hated symbol—the Bastile. On July 14, 1789, a mob marched on this fortress, calling on the Governor, Delaunay, to surrender. Delaunay refused. Then the crowd attacked. Delaunay, a stanch, loyal old soldier, fought them off for hours, till some of the Guard came up, with several pieces of artillery, and forced him to yield. The mob (soldiers, peasants and townsfolk alike) rushed into the Bastile, released the prisoners (some of whom were insane or dazed from long confinement), killed Delaunay and proceeded to tear down the fortress. On the wall of one cell they found this prophecy, scrawled a half century earlier by Cagliostro, the exposed magician:

"The Bastile shall be destroyed and the people shall dance on its site."

The latter part of the prophecy was fulfilled by screaming, blood-streaked revolutionists, who accompanied their wild dance with wilder songs of vengeance.

The French Revolution had dawned.

THE CONVERSATIONS OF MRS. FUZZAN FEATHERS.

By Irvin S. Cobb.

"MY DEAR," said Mrs. Fuzzan Feathers to her husband as she sat down where she could see herself in the mantel mirror, and began feeling under the arm of her chair for a wad of chewing gum she'd left there the day before, "my dear, I have decided to take more interest in politics hereafter."

"Go ahead," murmured Mr. Feathers brutally, "politics is getting so it can stand almost anything."

"Yes," went on his wife, too much absorbed to notice the sarcasm, "at the meeting of the bridge whist club today Mrs. Crowen Henn made quite a little speech."

"I'll bet she did," said Mr. Feathers, "one little one and several big ones."

"She said she thought we all ought to go in for women's rights."

"You ought to see her husband," commented Mr. Feathers, "what he needs is a few men's rights."

"She said that in England," went on Mrs. Fuzzan Feathers, "all the peeresses and duchesses put on their most becoming gowns and go to the hustings—hustings, it seems, is the name the English have for their conventions—go to the hustings, and campaign for their husbands, and it is just lovely. Oh, yes! and she said that sometimes they kiss the voters."

"They do what?" asked Mr. Feathers.

"I said they kiss the voters."

"Well, the English are indeed a hardy race," said Mr. Feathers, as he opened his paper at the financial page and began reading the Wall street sporting news.

"I'm certain of one thing," continued his wife, "if women do take up politics we'll have a little logic and reason about us. We'll never get into dreadful governments and all those foolish questions that nobody understands."

"No, I suppose you'll cut your platform out of the Ladies' Homely Journal and paste it on a pinque," exclaimed Mr. Feathers, "with a pair of scissors and paste it on a pinque," exclaimed Mr. Feathers, "with a strong plank on caring dish fixings by old Mrs. Roarer."

"And we won't go to these dreadful mass-meetings and cheer ourselves hoarse and parade around in the mud and then go to some old saloon and drink beer and eat salted herrings and Swiss cheese and dill pickles, and come home with a breath like a ——"

"Delicatessen store," suggested Mr. Feathers.

"There'll be a little common sense in politics then and not so much prejudice," resumed Mrs. Feathers. "Now, there's that Mr. Hughes that's running for leader of Tammany Hall over in Brooklyn, I think it is. For the life of me I can't see why anybody would vote for a man with such straight whiskers on his face."

"Where'd you want him to have whiskers?" inquired Mr. Feathers, bitterly.

"On his feet, for all you want him to Marcel 'em?"

"Now I like Mr. Hearst better," went on his wife. "He wears such lovely high collars and such dreams of ties and such grand scarfpins, and he has such big, soulful eyes. I'm sure he'd make a splendid Mayor, or whatever it is. But Mrs. Crowen Henn isn't for him. She says her husband considers him the most dangerous man in public life. Do you?"

"Do I what, Clara?" asked Mr. Feathers, testily.

"Whom do you consider the most dangerous man in public life?"

"Joe Gans."